

# EXHIBIT 1

November 22, 2022

To Honorable Judge

I have been asked to write an Impact statement by Mr. Robert Sobleman.

I am writing this account because I experienced a very painful event in my life.

I am a recent widow of 5 years and this event took place roughly half a year into my grief period. I was battling with the bureaucracies of widowhood, trying to change my status from a married person to a widow. Every turn I took, there were paperwork, proof of death and proof of marriage and a host of other documents to legally change my title. Among many tasks, I had to check my emails frequently. I was exhausted, overwhelmed, and frustrated to no end. An email message caught my eye. An unusual one that no computer skill required to learn a skill navigating the internet and making a salary doing sales. The course sounded interesting and indicated that I will acquire a skill in computer knowledge and sales work which I did many years ago sans computers. I responded and a salesperson emailed me back and followed up with an email. The tutoring course charge was\$++++ and I thought I could do that. It's an investment into my future, so I signed up.

In a weejk, I was swamped with many phone calls, from many people, who had different job titles they had and each shared a portion of the tuition cost, but that was tacked on after my initial down payment. Down payment? I got a binder for \$10,000? Everybody else, who ended up tutoring me , charged a different amount. Six people later, and I was starting to sweat. because I was not moving fast enough to make sales, I hadn't set up a business account for my sales, and my skills with their program wasn't advanced enough for me to feel confident enough to work alone. The e services tried to set up a business for me on a website, which I hadn't been aware that was set up for me. I was snowballed and didn't even know it. How scary was that? I put a stop to it and cried out stop! They were going too fast and I wasn't ready, hadn't done enough research to go off on my own, so, I felt nervous about being pushed into sales, when I didn;t research enough about the subject matter. Wouldn't you be scared, if you laid out a bunch of money, and you didn't know enough about what you are selling or how to do it? I was scared witless and that undermined my confidence so bad, I thought my depression was going to make me suicidal. That was so fearful, I was afraid of leaving the house or using my computer and phones for weeks on end. I stopped the tutorials, after relaying this info to the my sons. They, in turn, warned me to cease all communications, ask for money back, consult any attorney or two,, put a stop payment on all transactions & file a complaint My social worker, at Adult Protective Services, blamed me for being stupid to pay for on-line services! The police didn't do much, except take =down the information, as far as I was told. I stopped answering my phones, as the calls continued and my attorney called them and told them to stop calling and harassing me. One of the salespeople from the company accused my children of being selfish with my money, because it's their inheritance! Day in and day out, the calls continued.

I felt like a fugitive and phobic about everybody, almost paranoid about who is after me.

I wouldn't want any other person to suffered as I had. I couldn;t sleep at nights for fear somebody might come and roust me out of my house and sue me, then I would be left in poverty and my family would disown me for doing such stupid things, like throwing away my own savings. Your lack of confidence makes you weary of doing anything on your own. The Pandemic did not help, it just made the isolation that much worse. My children didn't trust me to manage my own finances! Talk about depression-that's the worse! Your sanity is in doubt, your confidence eroded, your independence, what

limited amount there is, curbed and you can't trust anybody. You are not the same person you were before this experience .

Whoever these telemarketers are, should cease stealing money and repay what they stolen, and perform acts of restitution, such as living as we are, doing what we do with what limited resources we have, and pay for medical services, such as therapy or psychiatric meds. The mental anguish is still with me, today, and the guilt I harbor from being so vulnerable and easy prey to such sharks, still swim in my mind. I do not want the next person to suffer any of these mental anxieties, such as I have. What is normal? I do not know anymore. Let the punishment fit the crime, Replace what you have taken and correct the consequences, the action caused.

Thank you for your attention.

Sincerely,

A black rectangular redaction box covering the signature.